Contents: Lipstick Lesbians, Paglia Review, Poetry, Hair: Rite of Passage

NORTH Bi NORTHWEST

Newsletter of the Seattle Bisexual Women's Network, a member project of Gay Community Social Services
DECEMBER 1994/JANUARY 1995 VOLUME 7, NUMBER 6

Adventures at the Lancôme Counter

by Laura Cole

"Where are all the lipstick lesbians in this town? Let's meet as a group for dinner and introduce ourselves. I'll coordinate the event."

It was one of the more unusual personal ads I'd seen in the *Seattle Weekly*, and my reaction to it was mixed. I'd ended a relationship several months earlier and was just starting to date again, so the idea of sitting down to dinner with a group of women-seeking-women had obvious appeal. And although my life was busy with school and work, one evening out seemed like a small commitment. Yet the ad was superficial. After all, it did not say anything about personality, tastes, hobbies, or spirituality. It talked about looks. Appearance. It was an ad directed at women looking for women who look a certain way.

Of course we all have our version of what is attractive—slender, voluptuous, willowy, petite, dark, fair, butch, femme—and we pursue it. When we see a woman—or man, for that matter—across the room, we may not know if we have the same political ideology, but we know whether or not we want to look at them again. I once heard it said that looks come first and last in a relationship: looks may be one of the first things that draws two people together, but as they grow closer and the many facets of each personality emerges, appearance decreases in importance and falls to 'last' on the priority list.

I have noticed that feminists, especially queer feminists, do not necessarily condemn being attracted to someone based on their appearance. Rather, it is the narrow and patriarchal version of beauty as defined by mainstream society that is scoffed at. And one could argue that 'Lipstick Lesbian' falls within that definition.

To hell with it, I muttered, and answered the ad. The fact was that I wanted to meet women and I didn't have time to join a volleyball team or volunteer at the LRC. And lipstick lesbians—or lipstick straights, for that matter—always turned my head. To pretend that they didn't would simply be dishonest.

A few days later I received a call from the woman who had placed the ad. She was friendly and enthusiastic and quite overwhelmed by the response—she'd heard from dozens of interested women. I was surprised to learn that I was the only respondent under 30. She gave me the time, date, and location of the restaurant that was to be the meeting place and I told her I'd be there.

The witching hour arrived and I was late. I sat up in my room and thought, they're all older than me. We won't have anything in common. I hate going to parties alone. I'm so picky—I won't meet anyone I'm attracted to. I'll be bored to tears.

Finally, I went for a walk to collect myself and then headed for the restaurant.

"I'm looking for the Johnson party," I told the hostess at the door.

"They've got the tables on the landing," she replied, waving to the back of the restaurant. I followed her gesture and blinked. This was better than the Wild Rose on a busy night. There was one long table and several smaller tables filled with at least 40 women of all sizes, shapes, and colors. Some were coifed and made up, others were more understated in appearance. But they were all turned out in their finest threads and flirting heavily. I felt like a kid in a candy store.

More 'Lipstick' on page 14

Join! $10-50/year, sliding scale.
I want to wear my bisexuality in my wallet. Make me a card carrying bisexual! Enclosed is $________ for a one-year membership.

Subscribe! $10/year, flexible.
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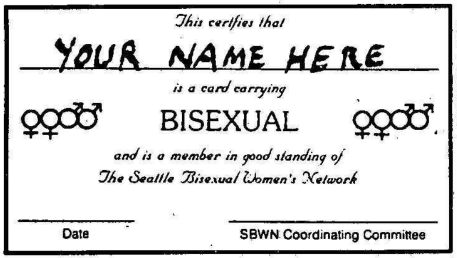
How did you hear about us? ________________

All contributions are tax-deductible
Please enclose cash, or checks made payable to SBWN
Send to: SBWN, PO Box 30645, Greenwood Station, Seattle, WA 98103-0645

Join the Seattle Bisexual Women's Network and become a card-carrying bisexual!



This certifies that

YOUR NAME HERE

is a card carrying

♀♀♂♂ BISEXUAL ♀♀♂♂

and is a member in good standing of
The Seattle Bisexual Women's Network

Date

SBWN Coordinating Committee

Memberships are $10-50 a year on a sliding scale, and are open to women everywhere. Members are entitled to discounts on events and purchases. See mail-in form above.

SBWN Statement of Purpose

We are a group of women from diverse backgrounds working to create a feminist bisexual support network and to promote, in both the heterosexual world and in the lesbian/gay community, the understanding and acceptance of bisexuality as one of many valid sexual identities.

We regard ourselves as part of the community that is united against heterosexism and homophobia. We are dedicated to the right of all people to define their own sexuality, free from any social, political, or economic coercion. The discriminations we face on the bases of our gender and our sexuality are not the only forms of oppression. We recognize that oppression is non-hierarchical and that none of us is free until all of us are free. We are invested in the feminist struggle to transform our culture into one free of all forms of bigotry, hatred, and exploitation.

We seek to provide a safe place for women to explore all aspects of their sexual orientation and identity. All women are welcome to attend SBWN activities. We are exclusively a women's group in order to create a safe space for women's expression and leadership. We come together to affirm ourselves and our choices.

North Bi Northwest *is the bimonthly newsletter of the Seattle Bisexual Women's Network. It is produced by women and is feminist in content. We feature news and events pertinent to the bisexual community, as well as creative writing, artwork, and an advice column.*

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We welcome submissions from women and men that concern feminism, politics, sexuality, or anything of interest to bisexual women. Help define our culture! Share your histories, anger, pleasure, energy. Send us your essays, poetry, photographs, drawings, book reviews, short stories, interviews, media reports, rants, cartoons, erotica, journals, theory, conversations and letters. You're important to us and what you have to say is important to everyone.

We accept input on disk with *hard copy (Mac or PC), typed, or handwritten if it's legible. If you send us something to print, you get a free issue; send six and get a year's subscription! Let us know what pseudonym you use, if you do not want to publish under your everyday name.*

Views expressed in North Bi Northwest *are those of individual authors and do not necessarily represent the views of SBWN. Inclusion in this publication does not indicate author's sexual orientation.*

Deadline for submissions to the next issue: January 2. (see address above).

North Bi Northwest is printed on bi paper! (50% recycled).

North Bi Northwest

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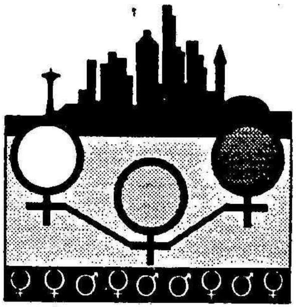

Seattle Bisexual
Women's Network
PO Box 30645
Greenwood Station
Seattle WA 98103-0645

SBWN can always use volunteers to help with a variety of tasks. Give us a call or talk to a facilitator at a meeting.

North Bi Northwest is available by subscription (see above) or at area bookstores and newsstands, including: in Seattle, **Red and Black Books, Beyond the Closet, Bailey Coy Books, Fremont Place Book Company**, and **Toys in Babeland**.

North Bi Northwest is a publication of the Seattle Bisexual Women's Network, a member project of Gay Community Social Services, PO Box 22228, Seattle, WA 98122-0228. (Not for correspondence with SBWN or North Bi Northwest).

From the Editors...

SBWN is well into its tenth year. We're looking forward to our retreat in February, where we mean to get to know each other better, discuss how the group is doing, and plan what we want to do in the future.

Part of our history has been involvement in networking. Joan Hill worked hard to get us into Gay Community Social Services, against the objections of several who said we weren't welcome. Ellen Barnett and Joan went on TV to educate the public about bisexual issues. Beth Weise wrote articles that were published in mainstream newspapers, then went on to publish a book on bisexuality and feminism *(Closer to Home)*. And, of course, there is this newsletter, started by Lenore Norrgard and Beth Weise, one of the first in the world!

This is the end of *North Bi Northwest's* seventh year! Its future is tenuous due to personnel losses. We need a new managing editor. Want the job? Drop us a line or call 783-7987.

Feb/March is our annual erotica issue, so warm up your ✏✏✏ pencils and send us something spicy. See if you can overcome Ellen H's shyness (see pg 12) and finish her story, or let us know your Pussy Galore fantasy (or experience). ✍

We appeal for some updated clip art; we've looked through a hundred clip art books for some interesting women. There's a lot of interesting ethnic and period artwork: Celtic borders, Arabic tile patterns, African icons, art deco designs, Amish quilt patterns... but when it comes to the human form, we see nude 20's and 30's women dancing or dining with suited gentlemen, or gauze-draped wispy women roaming the countryside among knights-in-armor or clothed gentry. Otherwise the women have on an apron and are cooking or serving men and children, or have on a hat and are shopping. Has anyone out there seen real women, active women, or even fierce women, in public domain artwork?

Dear Friends of *North Bi Northwest,*

As a twenty year resident of the Garden City (Missoula, MT) area, I was pleased and surprised to see the ad in your last newsletter for Antiseptic Vaginal Suppositories, sold by Garden City Drug Co. I had no idea we were home to such a fine product and I set to wondering why it had ceased to be available. Upon further investigation I learned it also had a mitigating effect on Rampant Homophobia and Narrowing of the Neuron Pathways. (That sly French vixen, Madame Le May, hadn't just fallen off the turnip wagon.) This was an unintended side-effect that caused great concern in Big Sky Country.

Women were actually setting up homesteads together in connubial bliss. They were rousting about in the mountains, in pairs and groups, exploring the wild country. For women who felt trapped in loveless hetero marriages, the product stood up to its advertising content: 'A remedy of great medicinal value and has been used in hundreds of the most severe cases, producing instant relief followed by a speedy cure.' These gals, cured of what ailed them, would pack up a bedroll and a little hardtack and hightail it for the hills with their best friends.

No wonder the city fathers had the medication taken from the shelves! Six boxes for only $5. The stash could last a good long time and some of these women never came back to town, so intent were they on fending for themselves on the land. Upon learning of my foremothers and their wooly ways, I have honored them with a shrine near my log cabin. It is shaped vaguely like an Antiseptic Vaginal Suppository. Hope lives!

Sincerely,
Cate C.
*Frenchtown MT

* Could this be the former home of Madame Le May?

Bisexual Women in History: A Preview

Marisa Lanning and Denise Ottoson, SBWN members who are trained historians, will begin to contribute a 'Bisexual Women in History' column in the next issue of *North Bi Northwest*. They plan to alternate between chronological history and individual biography.

Marisa and Denise are planning the series because they recognize first of all the lack of available information about bisexual women in history and secondly the tendency of both straight and lesbian/gay historians, if they talk about sexuality at all, to put all bisexuals in the lesbian/gay categories. From Sappho to Colette to Joan Baez bisexual women are often portrayed as having sexless friendships with other women or painted as 'really' lesbians forced by social pressures to sleep with men.

The series will not be chronological; the initial columns will likely be about women and historical periods Denise and Marisa are already familiar with. They do expect, however, to cover a large variety of eras and individuals — from antiquity to the American 'Wild West,' from Celtic warrior-women to rock stars.

Readers are encouraged to request information about their favorite bi women and to recommend books and articles for the bibliographies. ▼

Newsy Bits from all about

Available Now! **Pride Foundation/GSBA Scholarships**, up to $15,000. These scholarships are open to gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgendered youth and adults, among others, for college, creative study, vocational training, or other post-secondary education. For info, call GSBA at 206-443-GSBA or Pride Foundation at 206-323-3318 or 1-800-735-7287. The applications for 1995 are available now, due back by 3/1/95. Go for it!

Mark your Calendars for 'Equality 25!' On February 25, 1995, Seattle NOW will be celebrating 25 years of advocating for women in our community. They are looking for donations for the action, food for the celebration, ticket buyers, etc. For more info call Louise or Lisa at NOW at 632-8547.

* * *

- Bisexual Women
- Lesbians
- Transgender Women
- Forming Alliances

A Forum for Women Only

Dykes Against the Right Forum Series

We want to get Bisexual Women, Lesbian, and Transgender Women together to talk about ways we can be allies day to day, and when we face the attacks by the Radical Right. What are the barriers to communicating with each other and working together.

LAMBERT HOUSE SISTAH 2 SISTAH

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ALCOHOL FREE - WOMEN OF ALL AGES WELCOME
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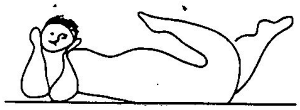
There have been at least two reviews of a comedy/performance group out of Seattle called '4 **Big Girls.**' Does anyone know who they are? The reviews say they are 'three Big Black Women-loving Women' who are hilarious, touching, and vibrant. Go see them! (Bi The Way N/D 94; Lesbian Fat Activists Network, #8, Sept 94)

Was Bugs Bunny Gay? Hank Sartin, a grad student in the English Dept at the University of Chicago, says there are 'flashes of a queer sensibility' in those old cartoons. He sees sexual tension in the first meeting between Bugs and Elmer Fudd, and there is a lot of cross dressing by both characters. And kissing! Of course Warner Brothers denies any secret homosexual content. Titles of interest include 'The Big Snooze,' 'Mississippi Hare,' 'Rabbit of Seville,' 'Hare Trimmed,' and 'Bugs Bonnets.' Makes me wonder about those Archie cartoons! (The Comics Journal, #158, April 93)

And how about Charlie Brown's friend, **Peppermint Patty**? She's got Marcie following her around calling her 'Sir.'



Fat Girl, a 'zine for fat dykes and the women who want them, is out. It's fat - 60 pages of smut, interviews, comics, and a center-fold. Copies are $5 and a signed age statement to: Fat Girl, 2215-R Market ST #193, San Francisco, CA 94114.

And, *Fat!So?*, PO Box 423464, San Francisco, CA 94142, a 'zine for people who don't apologize for their size. What a great name!

Something else that looks good to read is ***Sorority Magazine.*** It's a 96-page quarterly containing fiction, profiles, photos, cartoons, and puzzles. The current issue is $5.95 Canadian, $24.95/year. Write to Sorority Magazine, Suite 110, 1170 Bay St, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5S 2B4.

HIP MAMA. A new feminist parenting quarterly, with features, news, fiction and art. "It's about the madness and grace of staying hip even after the chronic sleep deprivation that is parenthood sets in." A sample is $3.95, subs $12-22 sliding scale/year. Mail money to Hip Mama, PO Box 9097, Oakland, CA 94613.

大 BIG 913

Queer folk in **Japan held their first Gay Pride parade in Tokyo** this past August 28. Somewhere between 300 and 1,500 people attended. Obviously counting queers is a problem all over the world! (off our backs, oct 94)

An anthropologist has 'discovered' an island near Papua New Guinea where the women and men live and work as equals. The people don't live in perfect harmony, and the privileges and burdens are not exactly equal, but "it comes close," says Maria Lepowsky. On Vanatinai, meaning motherland, there is no chief. The culture is matrilineal, and both sexes inherit land and property. The language is gender-neutral, without even pronouns like he or she. Men are expected to share equally in child-rearing. And women have the same freedom sexually as men, and people may marry several times before settling into a lasting relationship. Maybe it's time for a vacation there? (The New York Times via off our backs, June 94)

APPRECIATION

by Jet

From the very beginning
You crept in... and
brought doubts over the course
in which I was
directing my life.

You initiated a wondering...
Perhaps I never understood it...
Had my longings always been
for the love of a woman?

In your warmth
I found peace for the first time
in my womanhood...
That peace was limitless.

Perhaps...
I never understood...
Until you came.
Thank you!

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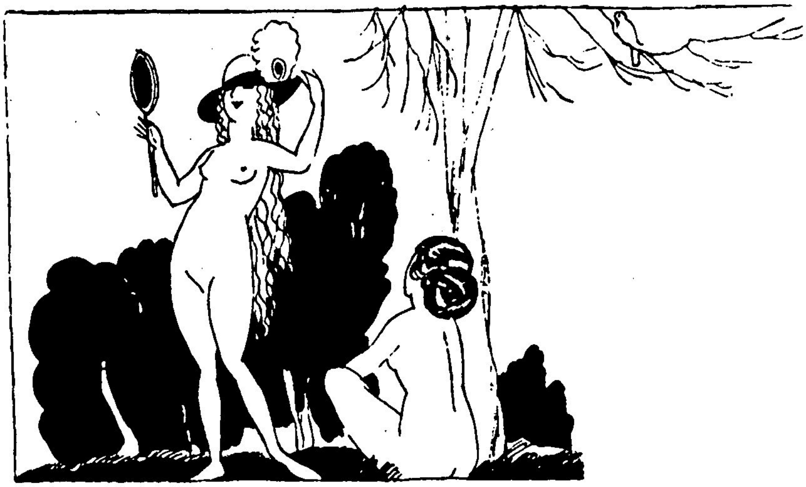


Sandra F.

Cheetos

by Sara Hospador

I couldn't get over
those gray dirty skyrats
in a skirmish
with their glazed stares
over day-glo Cheetos
Pigeons with the fluorescent
crunchy mockery of a worm
a prize here in the street.

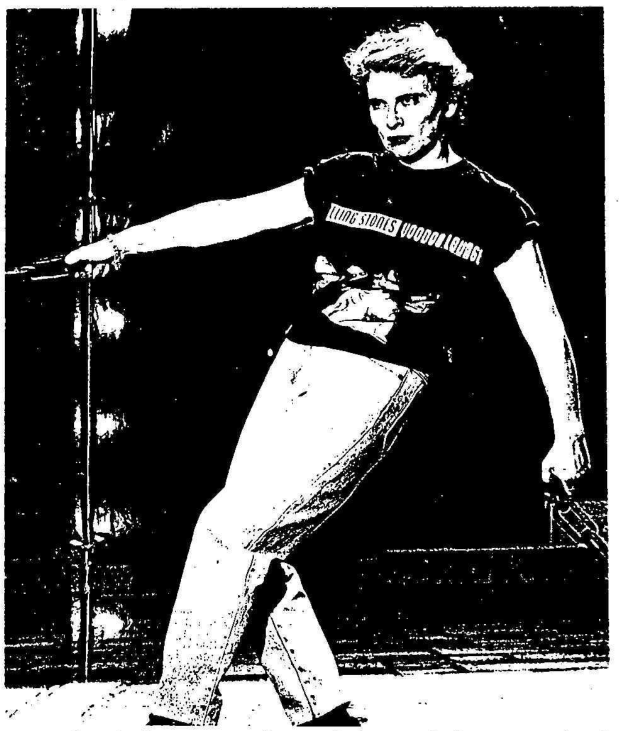
I thought of green condoms
and that which we
named 'Gumby'
and I laughed.

Then I safely shoved
the thought of you somewhere
else
and moved unblinking
in a blind search of a new
day-glo prize.

Paglia Stimulates Discussion, Provokes Controversy

by Paul Talbert

I had mixed feelings before going to hear Camille Paglia, professor of humanities at the University of Arts in Philadelphia and lately a sort of bisexual feminist politically-incorrect media star. She was in Seattle hawking her new book *Vamps and Tramps*. Almost everything I read about her had consisted of short quotes of mostly factually inaccurate generalizations seemingly designed to outrage her audience. The best commentary I had read on her was Molly Ivins' reaction: "Christ! Get this woman a valium!" And I had read a mostly boring interview which described her (correctly as it turns out) as a non-stop talker obsessed with popular culture and which reported her rantings about her most and least favorite film stars (like I care). On the other hand, a friend of mine swore that "she's great! Read her!," and at some point last week (it was shortly after I read that Camille had written an introduction for *Alice in Wonderland),* I had the intuition that what could reconcile these disparate images of her was a sense of humor.



So I was pleased to find out I was right. (So was Molly Ivins.) The 47-year-old Paglia traces her roots to radical sixties libertarian philosophy, and in particular the yippie-prankster and 'bra-burning' feminist elements of popular outrageousness. She believes sexuality belongs to the 'private sphere' where public regulations have no place and she therefore supports access to abortions and pornography, favors legalizing prostitution and drugs, and opposes sodomy laws. She alternately describes herself as a 'comedian' and a 'leading intellectual,' and in discussing her college pranks admits, "I love it when people scream." Clearly Camille loves to make outrageous statements and see people's reactions.

Her criticisms are more likely to fine-tune the views of middle-class and 'intellectually elite' feminists and leftists than they are to win over the right or the working class.

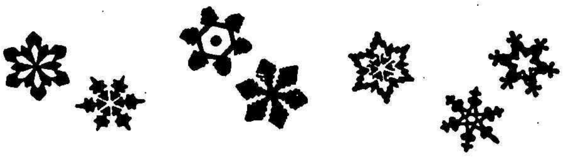
Paglia credit Gloria Steinem for rescuing feminism from the general collapse of radicalism at the end of the sixties, but regrets how 'Stalinist' the 'feminist establishment' became as soon as it became mainstream. She complains that feminism has become a 'prisoner of white middle-class niceness.' She has scathing remarks for women's studies and gay studies programs, which she would like to see replaced with a 'sex studies' program with a scientific basis in biology, endocrinology and anthropology and with a curriculum which integrates male and female, gay and straight perspectives. She believes cinema (particularly European filmmakers such as Bergman, Fellini, Bertolucci, Truffaut, Polanski, etc.) should be central in this education; she finds watching body language, tone, and facial expressions on film far more informative than essays on 'no means no.'

Paglia dismisses patriarchy as the cause of women's problems and prefers to blame the industrial revolution and the 'toxic' nuclear family. She describes modern white middle-class culture as 'diseased' and notes that office jobs leave people with no physical outlets. She suggests that men have a hard time expressing their sexuality in these jobs, but later remarks that men's sexuality is more in line with their careers, while 'a woman's sexuality invalidates her' in America. (Doesn't the latter have anything to do with patriarchy?) The mobility of office careers has also invented the nuclear family at the expense of the extended family, Camille notes, leaving children and parents without the wider support network they need. She blames the isolation of the nuclear family for incest and (in an argument I frankly couldn't make sense of) for anorexia and bulimia, which she says are not due to 'the media.' On a more comprehensible note, she believes that childcare is the biggest problem facing women today and wishes feminism would focus on it rather than sexual harassment. She supports moderate sexual harassment guidelines with penalties for false accusation. Feminism is at its best in the third world, she says, where it has an important role in creating opportunities for women.

Paglia also has harsh words for 'the left.' She claims the left is elitist and out of touch with the working class it claims to represent. Citing busing as an example, she blames the left for closing debate on issues and driving the working class to the right. Blame the arrogance of the left, not the right, she urges, for the popular shift to the right. (Well, OK, but doesn't the right have any responsibility for its own positions? Don't the voters have any responsibility for their own choices, or are they hopeless dupes of the left and right?) The left suffers from a 25-year-old spiritual hole, Camille claims. Although she is an atheist, she has great respect for the world's religions and believes it is suicidal for gay activism to set itself against the church. The conflict in Western tradition arises from its fusion of the Judeo-Christian tradition with the pagan Greco-Roman tradition and the inherently opposing views of these traditions. "We are part of pagan tradition (which is) art-centered and homoerotic," she says. She hopes to reconcile the right and left through comparative religion. "Art is my spiritual message."

Responding to a question about Susan Smith and the myth of Medea, Camille launches into a diatribe on 'feminists' who view women as helpless, sweet, innocent and incapable of violence. She recognizes the dark side in all of us and sees Susan Smith as vindication of her views. "I love it," she concludes to audience laughter. I do not get the sense from Camille's personality that she is actually glad Smith's two children were murdered, but I can scarcely comprehend being so detached from this crime and so obsessed with a vendetta against a view of women that few people actually hold as to be willing to gleefully use the deaths of children as cannon fodder. This is the one thing Camille said which I genuinely found offensive.

In a question about domestic violence, Camille claims that battered



'Paglia' continued from previous page

women who are middle-class do not stay in these relationships out of economic necessity, but are in a complicitous relationship with the batterer. Both are involved in addictive behaviors and reenact a sort of ritual of anger, violence and apology. People focus on the physical violence and neglect the other power dynamics in the relationship, she says, and calls for a 'massive application of psychology to the discourse of feminism.' In a question on sexual abuse of children, she mentions the North American Man Boy Love Asociation and the very different views of adolescent sexuality and the roles of adults as mentors in other cultures. She notes the general problem of our bodies maturing several years before we are capable of holding jobs in modern society (and are therefore viewed as adults), and believes we should 'discuss rationally' the sexuality of adolescents and its relationship to adult sexuality. (Coincidentally, a Mens' Evolvement Network's newsletter distributed at Camille's talk gave the rather different viewpoint of a male survivor of sexual abuse.)

I find myself in general agreement with many of Camille's arguments, although not necessarily with the caricatures she presents of her opponents' positions. Camille calls for rational discussion, but is more a gadfly than a voice of reason. Camille is well-educated, unbelievably energetic, amusing, thought-provoking, strongly positive about sexuality, and fills an unoccupied niche in the national dialogue of feminism. She is also angry, given to oversimplifications, in love with controversy for its own sake, careless and insensitive in her generalizations, and guilty of many of the faults she finds in others. It is both her strength and weakness that she devotes more energy to attacking the positions of those closer to her own views than those farther away. Her criticisms are more likely to fine-tune the views of middle-class and 'intellectually elite' feminists and leftists than they are to win over the right or the working class. I had some concerns about the devoted way in which much of her audience applauded and laughed at statements that were plainly absurd and jokes that were marginally funny (Are these people listening to what she is saying? Does Camille even hear what she is saying?), but it is a credit to her ability to stimulate thought that Camille's views have achieved a level of popularity. Although it is easy to find points to disagree on in her barrage of opinions, I still get the sense that Camille is a comrade in cultural revolution. As a voice for feminism, sexuality and culture we may be able to do better, but we could certainly do much, much worse. ▼

> *Clearly Camille loves to*
> *make outrageous statements*
> *and see people's reactions.*

Feels Good = Looks Good

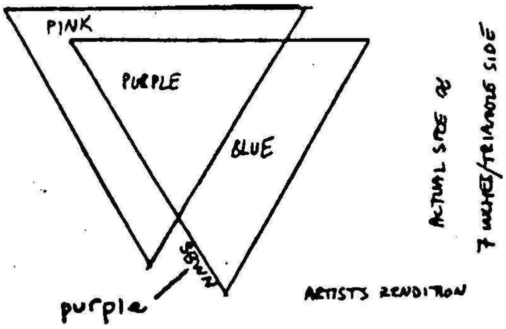
by G. R.

When I consider what attracts me to someone I've just met it is their own comfort level. Do they appear comfortable sharing themselves with others? Does their body appear to give them comfort and pleasure no matter what its size or shape? Because if it doesn't for them it probably won't for me either. This to some degree is how I choose the people I want to love and be loved by. Choosing who I hang out with is not based on appearance as much as what they do for fun.

How my looks affect me is another story. I noticed once while looking through the personals that I would not answer an ad I liked if it stated they were looking for a very attractive or sexy woman. Even though I've had lovers who desire me and I take great pleasure in my own body, I don't feel very attractive and sexy in the 'women's magazine' cultural sense. However, I don't let that keep me from getting the friends and lovers I want in my life. I believe that being comfortable with who I am and being loveable attracts loveable, comfortable people. ▼

COMING OCTOBER 11: THE BISEXUAL LOGO T-SHIRT! AVAILABLE IN TWO COLORS: BLACK AND HEATHER GREY. SIZES ARE LARGE, X-LARGE, AND OVER-SIZE (APPROXIMATELY 4X-LARGE). PRICED AT $12 EACH, SBWN MEMBWERS MAY BI THE SHIRTS FOR ONLY $10 (A 15% SAVINGS, WE TOLD YOU MEMBERSHIP HAS ITS PRIVILEGES!)

GET THEM AT SBWN MEETINGS AND AT NATIONAL COMING OUT DAY CELEBRATIONS. WE CAN ALSO MAIL THEM FOR AN ADDITIONAL $2 POSTAGE AND HANDLING.



WEAR OUR COLORS WITH BISEXUAL PRIDE!

Hair: A Rite of Passage

by Maria Tomchick

I'm going to tell a story about Hair. Every woman knows the significance of hair with a capital 'H'; it's the thing you agonize over every day, as in 'my Hair's such a mess!' or 'I can't do anything with my Hair!' or 'I really need to get my Hair cut.' I just don't bother with things like makeup, nail polish, zit-cream, etc., but Hair is something secretly troubling to me. I have a long history of angst surrounding it.

The problem began with my mother and my older sister, Diana. Mom and Diana were enemies from birth. They disagreed over a lot of things, but always had their worst fights over clothing, makeup, and Hair.

As a teenager Diana had cultivated friends in school and managed to spend most of her time at their houses, instead of at home. When she was at home Diana spent her time reading or hiding out from Mom, who always pursued her with new ideas about what clothes she should wear or how she should fix her Hair. I remember a lot of screaming matches that ended with Diana refusing to even touch frilly blouses my mother had bought her or holding Mom off at arm's length.

"If you touch me with that curling iron, I'm leaving here and never coming back!"

My mother lived in a different world from my sister and me. Diana and I wore baggy jeans, T-shirts, sweat-shirts and rubber boots (farm gear). We were on the lookout for anything that was comfortable and durable; for instance, I adopted an ugly, faded, cotton-plaid scarf to tie my hair back out of my face. Sometimes I'd wear my favorite pair of jeans until they were stiff with dirt, because I didn't want to give them up to the two-day wash cycle.

Mom, on the other hand, felt that it was a woman's duty to 'fix herself up.' She didn't wear makeup at all, but loved to curl her Hair, buy jewelry and shop for clothing. Her tastes ran to pastel blouses with lace collars and cuffs, dirndl skirts, and polyester pants. She lectured us on the virtues of wearing pantyhose and 'acting like a girl once in a while.'

> *I was becoming disassociated from my own body. I was beginning to not care and, more dangerously, to not really see myself when I looked in the mirror..*

The clothes I wore to school were only slightly nicer than the rags I wore at home. A plain black polyester shirt, a blue Seattle Sounders T-shirt with holes in it, a pair of flair-legged bluejeans, and a bright, scarlet sweater were my favorites. Slowly but surely, however, my mom began to sneak 'girl clothes' into my closet and make suggestions about my Hair.

Diana had resisted her suggestions so completely that Mom began to turn her entire focus on me. I was the youngest of her four daughters and her last chance to play 'dress-up' with one of her children. On my part, I was so tired of listening to mom and Diana yell at each other that I gave in a little bit, thinking that Mom would be easily and quickly satisfied if I wore one of her pink, frilly blouses maybe once or twice per month.

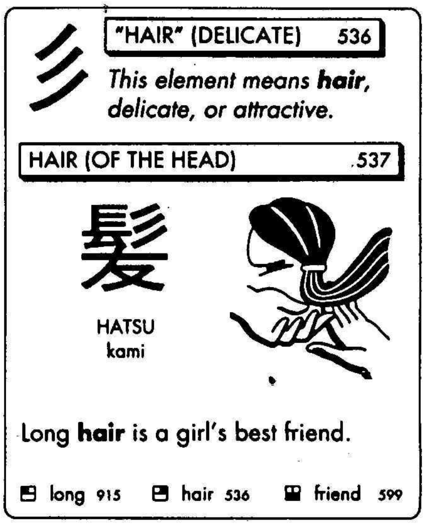
But Mom was an expert at guerilla warfare. She noticed my attachment to the black polyester shirt; a week later, it disappeared in the wash. When I complained, she hissed: "It made you look like you were thirty-five years old! You're a young girl, for Christ's sake."

I went to my room to sulk and noticed that there were three new blouses (with lace) and a pair of polyester pants in my closet. My Sounders T-shirt had vanished. One of the blouses wasn't so bad, but the polyester pants had to go. I pushed them to the back of the closet and dug around, looking for my T-shirt.

"It had holes," Mom explained to me later. "You don't want people to think we're white trash... that we're from Tobacco Road, do you?"

She was always using that phrase — 'Tobacco Road.' Sometimes she'd say 'God's little Acre' instead — both were references to Erskine Caldwell novels about poor white farmers in the deep South. She wanted her kids to understand that we were in a continual struggle to keep other people from thinking we were the poorest of the poor, and that we had to work especially hard to 'fix ourselves up.'

She didn't do all this at once; it happened over a long period of time. I eventually realized that Mom had almost completely taken over my choice of what to wear to school. At home I wore the same rags and hand-me-downs, but every morning I put on a frilly blouse and a stylish, uncomfortable pair of jeans. I had won the polyester pants battle, but Mom still refused to let me wear a pair of jeans longer than four or five months. As soon as the denim began to fade from its original bright blue, she scrapped my old pair and bought me a new one.



"HAIR" (DELICATE) 536

This element means ***hair****, delicate, or attractive.*

HAIR (OF THE HEAD) 537

髪

HATSU
kami

Long **hair** is a girl's best friend.

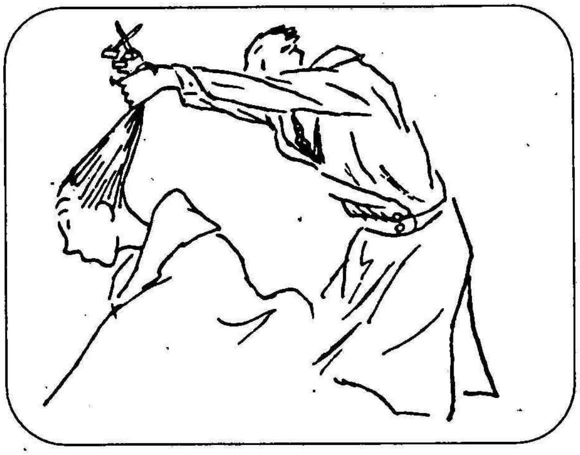
long 915 hair 536 friend 599

There were no prisoners taken on the Hair battlefield, however. Mom knew all about comparisons and whittling away at a person's self esteem. She compared my Hair to Diana's, which was long, straight, thick and the color of wet cedar. Her Hair was a natural phenomenon beyond the control of humankind; it was impossible to think of anyone touching it or changing it in any way.

"You need a permanent!" Mom would chirp. "Your Hair is so *limp* and *lifeless* and *thin.*" In her mind were visions of little girls dressed like Shirley Temple in swirling skirts and pinafores with curly ringlets dangling in their eyes. "I wish I had *curly* Hair," Mom would often moan.

Diana would turn a deaf ear to Mom's exhortations and only let Mom trim the very tips of her Hair — to even it out across the bottom. The most Diana ever did to 'fix it up' was wind it into a braid once in a while to keep it out of her face.

My Hair was also long and straight, but much thinner and straighter than Diana's. It was hard to tell what color it was — sometimes it was muddy



brown, sometimes tan, sometimes a depressing dark gray color — depending on what I wore and how much light was in the room. It didn't take long for me to give in to Mom's persuasion and have it 'fixed up.'

First we cut it short. I was a tomboy at school; I always came home with my clothes muddy and torn and my Hair tangled into a rat's nest. I think Mom hated to see me cry when she tried to comb out the tangles every afternoon. So I wore a pageboy for a while.

But soon Mom was haunted by Shirley Temple visions again. She gave me my first perm when I was eleven, I think.

I was the only kid in school who had a pale, dirty-looking afro. Because my Hair was so thin, the perm hadn't produced the neat ringlets Mom wanted; I was stuck with dry, frizzy, electric Hair for about a year. Then Mom brought out the scissors and turned me into a boy again for a while.

When I started junior high school and decided that I needed to start wearing something besides jeans and T-shirts ('kids' clothes'), Mom persuaded me to sit still long enough to have another one of her homemade permanents. This time she brought home from the drugstore the brand that said 'for dry, damaged, or over-treated hair' in bold red letters on the package.

My Hair hadn't been treated to anything in a long time, and it didn't take well to the new perm, either. Mom left the solution in too long and it burned right through some of my Hair near the scalp along the part at the top of my head. I had roller marks in the Hair that was left and fine stubble that stood straight up on the crown of my head. When it dried and the stubble stood straight up, Mom burst into tears.

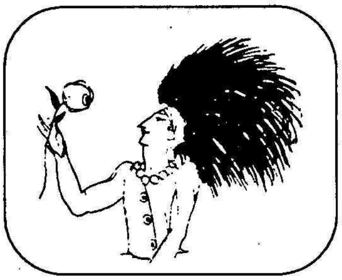
She was inconsolable. I looked in the mirror and shrugged. I was becoming disassociated from my own body. I was beginning to not care and, more dangerously, to not really see myself when I looked in the mirror, but to see a stranger instead — a young girl who looked a lot like my mother, with her overpermed, overtreated Hair.

I comforted her. After all, the Hair hadn't turned green or fallen out. "It's all right," I said, patting her on the shoulder, as she blew her nose on a Kleenex. "It'll all grow out in time."

"I should just shave your head and get you a wig," she whimpered, then started crying loudly all over again.

"Whatever," I replied, not sure if I liked the idea of wearing something on my head all the time. I hated hats and had a habit of pulling them off whenever Mom wasn't looking. I glanced in the mirror again, to make sure the Hair was still there.

I went to school with the stubble sticking up on my head and the funny-looking roller marks, and just pretended they didn't exist. Nobody said anything, so I mostly forgot about it. I think now that maybe they were embarrassed for me, although I was past caring about the Hair.

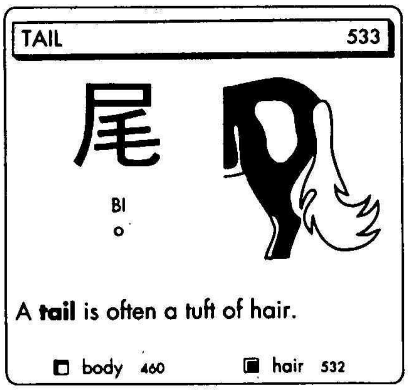


My Hair grew out eventually, although it was several years before it was all one length, instead of haphazardly layered on top. I kept my Beatles haircut for as long as Mom and I both remembered the results of our last perm fiasco. When I turned eighteen, however, Mom decided that I needed more curl again. This time we consulted my older sister Jennifer, whose Hair was even thinner and straighter than mine.

"I want it to look like yours," Mom told her, pointing to Jenny's neat curls. Jenny gave her the name and phone number of her hairdresser, and I was sent over within the week to get my Hair 'fixed-up' one more time.

The woman who greeted me at the salon was taller than I was, thinner, wore high heels and thick pancake makeup and green eyeshadow that matched her dress. Her Hair was bleached and lacquered into an odd lazy-S shape on top of her head. I couldn't take my eyes off her Hair; I kept expecting it to fall down into her eyes, but it was obviously glued into place. Would it move if I touched it? Would it be hard like plastic? How much hairspray did she use to make it do that — or did she use something else... something that she might use on me?

She took my arm and sat me down in a hydraulic chair, similar to the kind you find in a Dentist's office, then she took my glasses off and set them somewhere — I couldn't see where; in fact, everything became a blur after that. I tried to figure out what was going by feel. I heard scissors taking off some of the Hair in back and felt rollers being pushed into my head and pinned down. Soon she released the catch on the back of my chair and leaned me way back into a sink, where she squirted the permanent solution all over my head, then she sat me back up and covered my head and the curlers with a plastic shower cap.



She pulled me out of the chair and steered me over to a seat in the corner, then gave me a towel. "Here," she said, as if talking to a child. "If any of the solution starts to run down your face or neck, wipe it off with the towel, okay?"

I nodded.

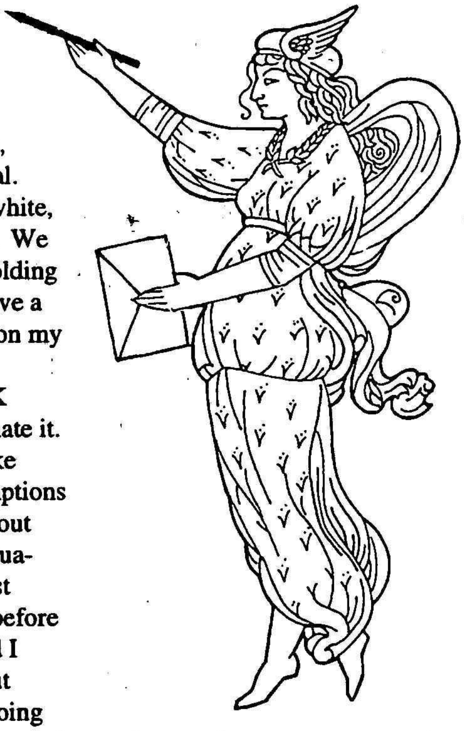
"I'm just going to leave you here for a while." She walked away before I could ask for my glasses back. I sat in boredom for a very long time while she guided another woman into the chair I had vacated and talked to her about Cheryl Tiegs and thin thighs while she gave her a complete haircut. I was just starting to fall asleep, when she woke me up.

"It's time to put the neutralizer in and rinse your Hair." She took me by the elbow and guided me back to the chair. I leaned backwards into the sink again and felt her pull the plastic cap off, unroll the curlers, squirt something into my Hair and massage it around for a while, then rinse my whole head with warm water. That was the fun part.

Then she sat me up. "Want it blow-dried?" she asked. I couldn't see her very well and was squinting at her, which she took for a "yes." I sat patiently while she combed and blew my Hair.

'Hair' continued on page 13

Let's face it, we all have our problems. Whether it's a perilous polyfidelity predicament or simply how to shop for latex, North bi Northwest *is here to help. In keeping with the spirit of bisexuality, we offer more than one reply to each question. Send your queeries to our PO Box; our wisdom-mongers are standing bi.*



Dear Answer Amazons,

I am white, female, bisexual. My partner is white, male, bisexual. We walk around holding hands, and I have a picture of him on my desk at work.

WE LOOK NORMAL. I hate it. How can I shake people's assumptions about me or about us? In most situations I can't just come out, but before I was partnered I could talk about 'friends' and going out with women, and try to let people not assume I was like them. But now, I feel like I slight my partner if I talk about women to others, as if I'm saying he doesn't really count. What can be done?

Sincerely,

Looking Normal But Not

Dear Looking Normal But Not,

What is Normal?

The Queen of Love is a bisexual and sometimes she is more than normal. My friend, it's OK to appear normal. Do talk about your woman lovers and your bisexual partner to your friends. Keep a picture of her and him on your desk. Let people get used to you having a woman and a man in your life.

Just because you are a bisexual does not mean that you are abnormal. Maybe unusual or out of the ordinary, but never abnormal.

Be yourself, your normal self or your unusual self, and let people assume whatever they want. Be happy with who you are and don't worry about what others think. You are not really slighting your partner, as long as you don't mean it.

The Queen of Love wishes you happiness.

Q. of L.

Dear Looking Normal,

First of all, I understand. I have a friend in a very similar situation. But does it really matter what people think? The tumult around this situation is purely yours, and possibly your partner's. But you don't say — Does he actually feel slighted if you talk about women? Have you talked with him about this?

Secondly, there are all kinds of things you can do to ensure that people won't think you are 'normal,' whatever that means. Dye your hair blue, wear a nose ring, get a tattoo that will show, talk loudly about your bi and lesbian friends at work, in restaurants and in shopping malls. Use the words 'bisexual' and 'lesbian' in every appropriate conversation as if it's the most normal thing in the world. People who agree with you will let you know, and people who don't will not say anything but they will *know about you.*

Most of all, relax.

Love,

Aphrodite

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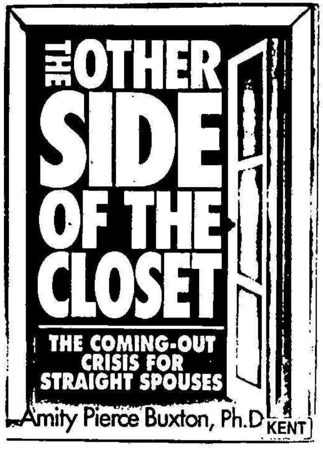
The Other Side of the Closet: The Coming-Out Crisis for Straight Spouses

by Amity Pierce Buxton, Ph.D.

Review by Lisa Coyote


THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CLOSET
THE COMING-OUT CRISIS FOR STRAIGHT SPOUSES
Amity Pierce Buxton, Ph.D
KENT

This is an excellent book for people in mixed-orientation marriages, or for anyone who has sexual-orientation issues.

Ms. Buxton describes the stages a relationship progresses through as one partner begins to recognize their true sexual identity. The author acknowledges denial, confusion, anger, fantasy resolutions, feelings of betrayal, and finally peace of mind.

She devotes a chapter to each stage of the relationship 'problem' of mixed orientation and some ways to get through to the next stage. Approximately thirty lengthy personal stories add a distinct richness to the book.

An interesting revelation is that a high percentage of women who discover they are lesbian leave their marriages almost immediately, whereas many men who are married to women but truly gay try to stay in the marital relationship.

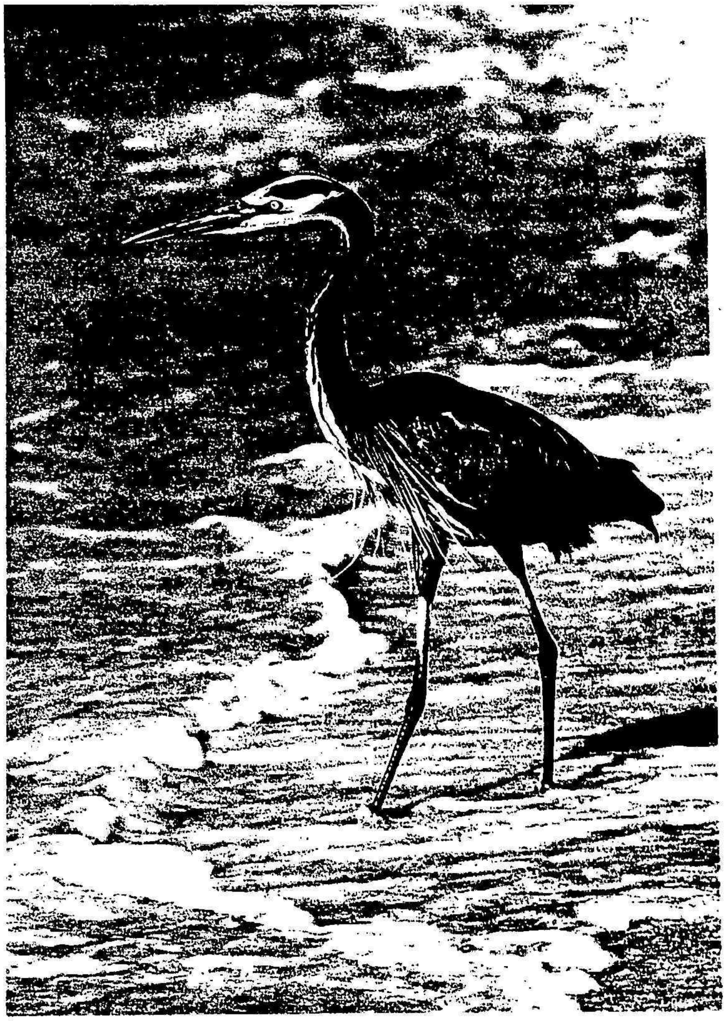
The book is largely directed at these people, straight women and their gay husbands. I was struck by how much energy people will expend to keep their marriages together, even when the circumstances have changed radically.

In one poignant personal story, a woman shares her journal entries which show how she keeps commenting on her husband's bravery in acknowledging his homosexuality, but she never expresses even a hint of anger toward him for deceiving her and letting her believe that he sexually desired her. The women described in this book are sometimes all-too-eager to sacrifice their own needs in deference to their husband and their stable family life.

This book makes a strong argument for more flexible marital standards. The media today delve into the personal lives of celebrities and criticize those whose marriages are less than perfectly monogamous. While marriage appears to be socially useful for stable emotional lives and raising children, we in the United States obsess about the sexual aspect of marital union. We might be well served by a return to the convention of spouses growing apart socially and sexually, while keeping their marriage intact (if there is love and respect).

Another point raised by the author is how straight spouses are entombed in a closet of a different kind when their spouse reveals homosexuality. The straight partner needs a lot of support from friends and family, and yet is often unable to ask for it. Many men and women who tell their personal stories in this book say they ultimately found emotional release in 'straight spouse' support groups.

The process that Ms. Buxton describes in this book is useful for anyone going through any kind of major personal change. She is consistently non-judgmental in describing a whole range of likely emotions, from shame and sexual wounding, to a final integration and resolution. This book will help people move on with their lives. ▼



SERPENTINE FRIEND

by Alice Chalmers

Heron:
  Cruising the Serpentine Fen.
It's getting colder now.
  Frogs are scarcer,
  Fish hide deeper.
Still millions of ducks and geese
  squawk squak honk shriek
  flap and splash.
Heron stands quietly
  waiting and watching.

She and I walk & talk & point,
  speaking of latex & family &
  other friends.

Conspicuously not speaking of her and me,
  though that's what we're here to do.

Pussy Galore Cums Again

by Ellen Henneberry

Girls take over the South End Steambath for the night!

Last year they steamed the paint off the walls; the steambath was turned up so hot and steam was so thick it was barely possible to breathe in there. It's moderated this year, and there's a new rule: no shaving. The management says the hair clogged the drains last time.

For our sensual pleasure we were offered: naughty videos (rather better than last year's: more women in them), a steam room to heat up in, a little pool to cool off in, an electric-toys room (toys courtesy of Toys in Babeland), various demo rooms with all sorts of things going on in them, couch dancing, and the extraordinary Madame Hennessey Brown, just in from New York especially for us. The couch dancing was hot, rather closer than I've seen in public clubs. Mdme. H.B. showed us her stuff late in the evening. She's extremely, um, flexible, and toyed around sensuously with various objects, including fire.

There's this pickup game, in case you're too shy to go right up and talk to strangers. We're all wearing number tags — even if nothing else. If you fancy connecting with someone, say #407, you fill out the form that says, for instance, '#407, meet me at room 36 at 12:45. I want to undress you with my teeth. Signed #99.' These messages are posted and the addressee gets to decide whether or not to keep the assignation.

Early on, business is slow; people seem reluctant to state their desires. It was working pretty well later on. Then at the end of the event messages of a different sort were left: 'I saw you leave with *her*;' 'Where are you? You're my ride home! Do you have my clothes?'

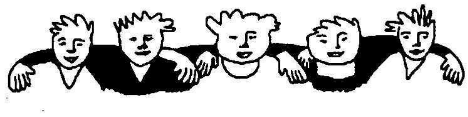
I was lounging on the edge of the pool with a couple of friends when my attention was caught by the fascinating sight of a lovely nude woman being adorned, knot by knot, with a soft white rope. It lay over her shoulders, knotted between her breasts, crossed her belly and back, tied between her legs. In the end she was fully girded, her skin brown in contrast with the white cord.

I thought: #407, I #99, need to see how the cords in the rope feel against your skin — against my skin; what it's like to run my tongue along the margins of rope and skin; to press my crotch against the knot that's against your crotch.

Just let me find where the end of that rope is; that's a pretty tight knot there by your hip; I'll need to pull on it with my teeth…

Well, I find my face turning pink as I write this, even though I'm all alone here. I think we'll close the door to room #36 and continue in private. You'll just have to listen and use your imagination.

Come join us next time! ▼



To #: ____________

From #: ____________

Phone: ____________
(optional)

I am:
- ☐ ***stacked***
- ☐ ***butch***
- ☐ ***femme***
- ☐ ***packing***
- ☐ ***vanilla***
- ☐ ***jock***
- ☐ ***buff***
- ☐ ***a big dyke***
- ☐ ***top***
- ☐ ***bottom***
- ☐ ***switch***
- ☐ ***svelt***
- ☐ ***sultry***
- ☐ ***sexy***
- ☐ ***HWP***
- ☐ ***voluptuous***
- ☐ ***soft***
- ☐ ***novice***
- ☐ ____________
- ☐ ____________

I am into:
- ☐ ***romance***
- ☐ ***fucking***
- ☐ ***latex***
- ☐ ***you***
- ☐ ***group sex***
- ☐ ***anonymous sex***
- ☐ ***tits***
- ☐ ***kink***
- ☐ ***fisting***
- ☐ ***butches***
- ☐ ***femmes***
- ☐ ***watching***
- ☐ ***silence***
- ☐ ***kissing***
- ☐ ***dirty talk***
- ☐ ***spanking***
- ☐ ***bondage***
- ☐ ____________
- ☐ ____________
- ☐ ____________

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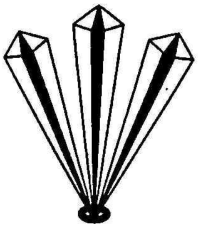
A NIGHT WITH ZEGG

by Bettykay

Z.E.G.G. (Zentrum fur Experimentelle Gesellshafts Gestalltung, or Center for Experimental Cultural Design) is an intentional community in Germany that has been together for over ten years. They are studying ways to live in community, to reduce fear and violence between people, and to use new technologies that are earth friendly. They say their lives are dedicated to research and experiment.

Several people from the bisexual and polyfi networks recently attended a ZEGG presentation in Seattle. There was a slide presentation about the group, their formation, their living situation, and some of their research projects. Afterward, two people from the German community answered questions.



I noticed that the German people carefully collected their thoughts before answering a question. This might have been because of language difficulty, but I felt it was that they were used to speaking in a forum where everyone was trained to listen. The audience could not allow these silences; either the person who asked the question would rephrase the question or someone else would reinterpret the question. The Germans waited patiently for their chance to speak.

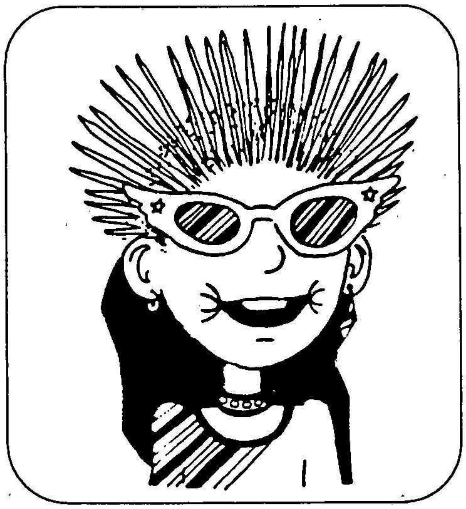
Another person noticed that the questions expressed our fears — did they use condoms, did they smoke, did they eat meat, did they give up their money. We didn't allow them to tell us how the community worked, how they resolved differences, how they made their community a safe place.

They did say that management of the complex was fairly easy, and not time consuming, because there were no hidden agendas. People had a forum and the support to work out personal and interpersonal difficulties within the group, so these issues did not cloud the decision-making process.

They believe that before they can change the world they need to attend to their own personal relationships. However, the focus must also include change on a global scale. The two cornerstones to the ZEGG community are the willingness to change and free love. This is directly related to promoting an environment free of violence and fear.

There is a U.S. group that wants to start a ZEGG type experiment. They're having workshops in Arizona during November and December. To contact this community, write: The Center for Experimental Cultural Design, PO Box 14183, Scottsdale AZ 85267-4183; or phone 1-800-624-8445.

Seattle's Polyfi group bought a subscription to their newsletter, *Compersion*, plus back issues and a video tape. These will be available on loan, with a small deposit, at the Polyfi Potlucks. ▼



'Hair' continued from page 9

Then she gave me a mirror. "Weeeellll?" she chirped, nervously. Her tone made me nervous; I had to see what she had done to the Hair. I mumbled something about my glasses, then she giggled and found them for me. I slid them on my face and blinked a couple of times. In the three large mirrors that faced me I saw Bozo The Clown, complete with bushy eyebrows and red, swollen nose. I clutched the hand mirror and looked into it, hoping that it would show me something different.

I was a *female* Bozo. I swallowed slowly. "Well," I murmured. "I think maybe it's a little longer than I thought it would be."

"Oh, I can trim it a bit for you!" She snatched up her scissors and went to work immediately, no questions asked. More hair fell on the floor. Soon I had a small, even, pale frizz all over my head. But at least I wasn't Bozo anymore.

I went home in a daze. When Mom saw me, she said: "It's a little shorter than I thought it would be. Actually it's a lot shorter than I thought it would be."

I must have looked sick or something, because she stared at me a moment, then demanded: "What did she do to your Hair?"

I didn't answer; I just went to my room and never talked about it again.

That was my last permanent. Oh, no, I did try it once more — when I had to get a job once, but it came out exactly the same — Ms. Bozo. These days I just let my Hair grow long and straight, just like it was when I was very small. I trim my own bangs how; sometimes I get them too short or a little uneven, but they always grow out after about a week or two.

For many years after I left home in 1983, my mom would see me on holidays and want to bring out her scissors or her hairspray or her curling iron to 'fix-up' my Hair. My response is always the same: "*Nobody* touches my hair except me! And I like it just the way it is."

Now Mom forgets to fuss about it, only saying casually in the middle of a conversation now and then: "Oh, you should do something about your Hair!"

Just yesterday I was looking at my Hair in the mirror, trying to figure out for the hundredth time whether I was a blonde or a brunette. My Hair can't make up its mind. It's a reflection of my personality, I guess — I never could figure out if I wanted to be a boy or a girl, an astronomer or a brain surgeon or a writer. Like my hair, I've settled for something indeterminate, undeveloped. I suppose my hair will turn gray or fall out before I make up my mind about who I really am and what I really want to do with my life. ▼

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'Lipstick' Continued from Page 1

Conversation flowed easily. The women came from all walks of life and I wished I could spend time conversing with each one. I suggested that we have another get-together that allowed more time and space for us to mix and mingle. Someone suggested a picnic or barbecue, and in a fit of enthusiasm I agreed to set it up. The advantage of this responsibility was immediately apparent when everyone gave me their phone number with firm instructions to be included in the next party. After spending several hours at the restaurant, we headed to a nearby bar to get further acquainted. At times it felt a little competitive, especially when several women had their eye on the same gal. But mostly it was fun.

I made several friends that night (but went home alone, mind you). Several of us worked together on the next party—a barbecue on the shores of Lake Washington. Invitations went out, paper plates were purchased, a picnic area was reserved.

It was held on Memorial Day weekend. We'd hoped it would be a party to remember. What we did not remember was that we were living in Seattle. The day dawned cold and drizzly. It felt like late autumn rather than late spring. Determined, we arrived at the site an hour early to set up. A cold wind blew the table cloths off. But we weren't the only determined ones. About twenty women showed up that afternoon, braving the inclement weather. The barbecue was a disappointment, but all was not lost—a small contingent headed over to one woman's house to finish off the food and curl up in front of the fireplace.

Most of the women wanted the group to meet regularly, although I made it clear that I'd had my share of organizing. At this writing (July 1994), the over-forty women in the group decided to form their own contingent, and there are plans for the under-forty women to start having regular socials. I have maintained friendships formed out of the two get-togethers, and even got some dates and yes, a little sex, out of the deal.

Lipstick lesbian—what is it? Am I one? Perhaps not, since I identify as bisexual. But then, so did a number of the women who showed up at that first dinner—I recognized several from previous SBWN meetings. Am I a lipstick bisexual? A cumbersome label, and still not quite right. I wear lipstick from time to time but it's more the exception than the rule for me, as is all make up. Is it politics, an acceptance of a specific role for women? Not in this crowd. These women came from numerous education and income levels and countless professions, and were as aggressive (or shy) as any dyke. I tried discussing it with them, but they didn't seem interested in defining the terms. Generally they were comfortable with who they were and how they looked and just wanted to meet other women like them. Most expressed an awareness of walking into a crowd full of dykes and feeling 'different.' A few said that a lipstick lesbian was 'a woman who's not afraid to look like a woman.' I don't agree with this as I think it narrows the definition of *womanly,* but I see their point. Perhaps they mean a woman who is not afraid to adopt a look that runs counter to the stereotypical lesbian uniform.

They were all turned out in their finest threads and flirting heavily...

I think that the term 'Lipstick Lesbian' is a catch-all phrase that defines a woman in ways other than her accessories, make up, or clothes. It embodies a posture, an affectation. It's the sway of her hips, the turn of her mouth, the tone of her voice. It is a presence. Perhaps it's an attitude. It is difficult to define yet easy to spot. I know one when I see one.

How do I feel about identifying as one? Mixed. If I am to take on a label, I prefer it to be a political one, or at least one with substance—Feminist, Queer, Woman-Identified. At first glance, the phrase 'Lipstick Lesbian' refers primarily to the way a particular woman looks, secondarily to whom she prefers to date. I'm weary of the focus women's appearance has received throughout history and don't want to be a purveyor of that tradition. But does Lipstick Lesbian speak of something more that the way a queer woman looks? Does it refer to her personality? Is it a reflection of her values? Could it be a political statement after all? If I were to speak for myself I would answer no to these questions. I will not presume to speak for other Lipstick Lesbians, although I'm curious as to what they'd say.

For me, the advantage of taking on the label is one of simplicity in the context of casual conversation. Say, "I'm a lipstick lesbian," or, "Lipstick lesbians turn me on," and people generally know what you mean, regardless of the diverse crowd I described earlier. It's a reference point. Also, it is not my identity, but it is part of it. I accept it as a fair, if partial, description of who I am. I acknowledge the inaccuracy of using the term Lesbian to describe me, but I'm having trouble coming up with a comparable bisexual reference ('Blushing Bisexual?' 'Cover Girl Queer?').

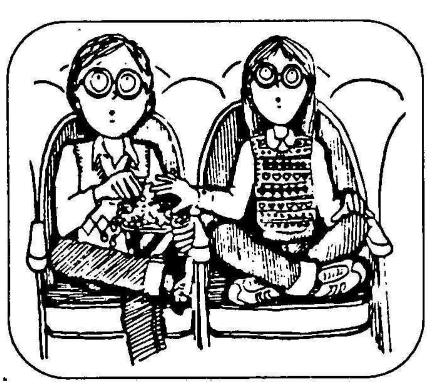
I'm glad I answered the ad. I've enjoyed the time spent with these women, and it has enhanced my social life for the time being (and who knows what the future will bring). I hope the group continues in some form. If it does, I expect to be a part of it. ▼

Catching up with our community's activities

Second bi 2nd: Some of these events have gone very well, with attendance of a dozen or so people. Others have been absolute no-gos, with not even one person showing up. BiNet is trying to revitalize this event; its purpose from the start was to be more family-oriented, so those with children and/or non-bi partners would feel welcome. Activities like canoeing and bike riding were medium successes, while the more adult oriented events like story-reading night have gotten a lot more attention. We need input on what people would like to see in the way of social activities.

Polyfidelity Support Group: This mixed gender group has been meeting every other month for a potluck and discussion for almost two years. With attendance of at least twenty, and usually closer to forty people, this is the most successful BiNet function. This is probably largely due to invitations being made to those outside the bi-group community, i.e. the Pandora group and C-Space, and outside advertising. A significant proportion of these people are not bisexual. Plans are being made to hold meetings in the in-between months, possibly in a different forum.

Bluestockings: This feminist women's reading group started from a potluck that thirty women attended in January 1993. Five reading groups started from that. Several read the book of common interest and disbanded, while others continued for several books. Though only one group remains, it has a strong attendance. The books read include a work-in-progress by a member, *My Antonia* by Willa Cather, *A Chorus of Stones* by Susan Griffin, and *Feminist Theory: from Margin to Center* by bell hooks. The group tries to alternate more serious selections with lighter work. New members are welcome, and you don't even have to read the book!



And the newest one...

Take Two Film Club

This group meets on the third Thursday evening of each month (see calendar for detail), taking turns choosing which video to present. They review each flick after watching it, consensualizing on what they would advise others to take or do two of when seeing it for the first time. Recently they've seen *Kafka,* and advise you to take two hands with you to hold (it's scary); and *Sirens* (take two women to see this Australian period piece with lovely maidens frolicking nude in the pond). ▼

SBWN
SEATTLE BISEXUAL
WOMEN'S NETWORK

Peggy Walsh

HOT OFF THE PRESS!

The new SBWN Brochures are now available!

These lovely pink brochures provide a concise description of the organization's goals and services. Also included is a list of local bisexual affiliate groups.

They are being sent to people who request information about SBWN and are displayed at special queer events. We have placed some of them in public venues to pique the interest of passers-by.

SBWN brochures are available to anyone upon request; so distribute them at work, home, church, or at your local bi-friendly business. Help spread the good word about bisexual pride! ▼

Advertising—

North Bi Northwest welcomes advertising from bi-friendly businesses, individuals, organizations and services. Our advertising rates are as follows:

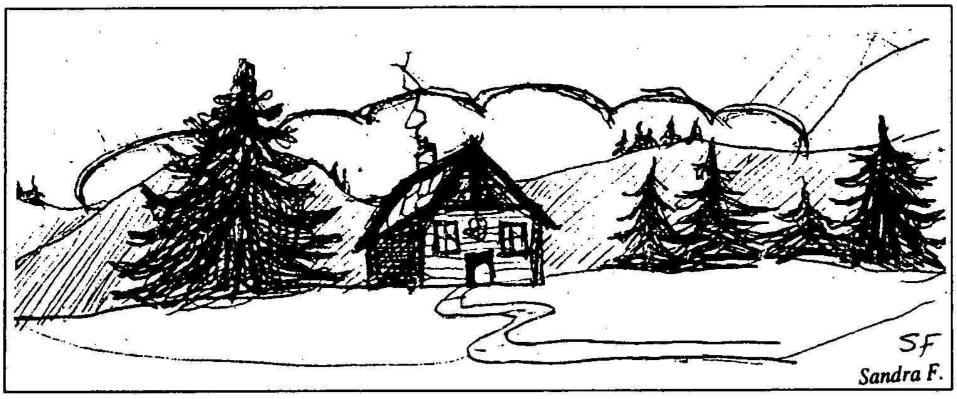
Business card size: $10/issue
Quarter page: $20/issue
Half page: $40/issue
Full page: $80/issue
2 consecutive issues: 15% discount
3 consecutive issues: 30% discount

For more information call (206) 783-7987 & leave a message.

CALENDAR

For locations, confirmation, or more information, call the appropriate message machine and someone will get back to you (with discretion if requested). For **SBWN** events call (206) **783-7987**. For all other Seattle events, (**BiNet, SBMU, Polyfi, BiOut, etc.**) Call (206) **728-4533**.

*** denotes multi-gender events.**



Fri Dec 2-Second Bi 2nd. Games night. 7pm @ Lizabeth's, Wallingford.

Sat Dec 3-SBWN team night @ Gay Bingo, 7pm, Capitol Hill.

Sun Dec 4-SBWN Mtg. 6pm. 'Celibacy & Self-esteem'.

Thu Dec 8-Bluestockings. 7pm @ Lizabeth's, Wallingford. *Silent Spring* by Rachel Carson.

Mon Dec 12-SBWN Newcomer meeting 7:15pm. 'How "Out" are you?'.

Mon Dec 12-SBMU meeting. 7pm. 'Creating your Ideal Family.'

Thu Dec 15-Take Two Film Club. 6:30pm @ Carlyle's, Mercer Island. *Rikki and Pete.*

Sun Dec 18-SBWN Mtg. 6pm. 'Bisexual Community'.

Mon Dec 26-SBWN Newcomer meeting 7:15pm. 'Brighten Up Your Holidays With Open Wrap'.

Sat Dec 31-Nude Year's Eve dance; Crossroads Learning Center, 325-8790. *

Sun Jan 1-SBWN Mtg. 6pm. 'Bisexuality & Spirituality'.

Mon Jan 2-Input deadline for *North Bi Northwest* erotica issue. *

Mon Jan 2-Second bi 2nd. Movie Night. *

Wed Jan 4-SBWN Coordinating Committee mtg. 7pm @ Lizabeth's, Wallingford.

Mon Jan 9-SBWN Newcomer meeting, 7:15pm. 'Queer Politics'.

Mon Jan 9-SBMU meeting. 7pm. 'Sexual Abuse & Harassment.'

Wed Jan 11-BiNet Mtg. 7pm @ NWAF Office, 127 Broadway E. #200. *

Thu Jan 12-Bluestockings. 7pm. Call SBWN phoneline for details.

Sat Jan 14-Polyfidelity potluck. 6:30pm. Pilgrim Congregational Church.

Sun Jan 15-SBWN Mtg. 6pm. 'Self Defense'.

Thu Jan 19-Take Two Film Club. 6:30pm @ Lee's, South Seattle.

Sat Jan 21-GCSS annual meeting; for SBWN membership. 9:30am-3pm. Group Health Hospital #D16, 200 E 15th Ave.

Mon Jan 23-SBWN Newcomer meeting 7:15pm. 'How to Pick Up Women'.

Fri Jan 27-SBMU social. Call SBMU phoneline for details.

Sun Jan 29-SBWN Mtg. 6pm. 'Questions Galore'.

Sun Feb 4-SBWN Retreat @ Barbara's, Maple Valley.

Mon Feb 6-SBWN Newcomer meeting 7:15pm. 'Bisexual Ideals'.

Sun Feb 12-SBWN Mtg. 6pm. 'Romancing Your Sweetie'.

Local Groups at Your Service

SBWN (Seattle Bisexual Women's Network): Support and discussion groups on alternate Sundays, 6pm, and Newcomer meetings on alternate Mondays, 7:15pm. For more information, call our message machine. Note our occasional live phone answer times.

Bluestockings: SBWN-affiliated monthly feminist women's reading group. In addition to feminist writing, readings have included popular fiction, women's history, and a work-in-progress by a member. All women are welcome.

Take Two Film Club: SBWN-affiliated monthly movie club. They review each flick after viewing, consensualizing on what they would advise others to take or do two of when seeing it for the first time. (i.e. Take two hands to hold when viewing Kafka for the first time; it's scary.)

SBMU (Seattle Bisexual Men's Union): a men's anti-sexist support and social group with discussion meetings on second Mondays of the month at Pilgrim Congregational Church, room 304 (enter from 10th Av), and social events on fourth Fridays of the month (location varies).

Polyfidelity Discussion Group: Support group for people in or interested in multipartner relationships. Discussions and literature on responsible nonmonogamy, intimate networks, alternative relationships and community. Bimonthly potlucks, 6:30pm at Pilgrim Congregational Church, 509 10th Av E, Seattle; occasional parties/picnics.

Second bi 2nd: a floating bi-friendly social event held on the second day of every month. We go canoeing, read stories, listen to jazz, do brunch...

BiNet, the Bisexual Network of Seattle: a multi-gender, multicultural profeminist group dedicated to providing information about bisexuality, promoting bisexual visibility, and developing community.

BiOut Speakers Bureau: available for engagements at schools, businesses, counseling centers, churches, etc. to provide information and answer questions about bisexuality.